

COUNTY OFFICERS.
Clerk & Register, W. R. Stecker.
Treasurer, G. M. F. Davis.
Prosecutor, J. O. Lindley.
Judge of Probate, J. Taylor.
Commissioner, N. E. Britt.
Surveyor, W. H. Sherman.
Coroners, S. Revell.
AGENTS.
Grove Township, O. J. Bell.
South Branch, Ira H. Richardson.
Peaver Creek, W. Patterson.
Maple Forest, J. J. Coventry.
Grayling, R. S. Babbitt.
Frederickville, J. A. Barker.
Ball, Chas. Jackson.
Center Plains, W. W. Love.

MASONIC NOTICE.
Regular communication of Grayling Lodge No. 358 at Masonic Hall in Grayling on Thursday evenings on or before the full moon at 8 o'clock sharp, until Sept. 30th, after Sept. 30th to March 20th, 7:30 o'clock sharp.
G. M. F. DAVIS, W. M.
— ADRIEL TAYLOR, Sec.

W. M. WOODWORTH,
Physician and Surgeon,
GRAYLING, MICH.
U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions.
Graduate of University of Mich. 1883.
Office with H. S. Babbitt.
Residence with A. J. Rose.
Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m.

MAIN J. CONNINE,
Attorney at Law,
GRAYLING, MICH.

W. A. MASTERS, NOTARY PUBLIC—
Residing in Grayling, Mich.
Contract, Mortgages, etc., etc.

J. Maurice Finn,
NOTARY PUBLIC, AND DEPUTY
Clerk and Register,
OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

A. H. SWARTHOUT,
ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Business in adjoining counties solicited.

Real Estate, Insurance, & Collection AGT.
GRAYLING, MICH.

N. E. Britt,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

Surveying in all of its branches, including leveling, promptly attended to.
GRAYLING, MICH.

Michigan Central Railroad.
SAGINAW DIVISION.
Time Table—Jan. 1, 1882.
NORTHWARD.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp.	Freight.
Bay City, Leave.	9:00 a. m.	9:00 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
Chicago, Leave.	7:00 a. m.	7:00 a. m.	7:00 a. m.
Jackson, Leave.	7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.
Rives Junction, Leave.	7:45 a. m.	7:45 a. m.	7:45 a. m.
Mason, Leave.	8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.
Holt, Leave.	8:15 a. m.	8:15 a. m.	8:15 a. m.
Lansing, Leave.	8:30 a. m.	8:30 a. m.	8:30 a. m.
North Lansing, Leave.	8:45 a. m.	8:45 a. m.	8:45 a. m.
D. & M. Crossing, Leave.	9:00 a. m.	9:00 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
Owosso, Leave.	9:15 a. m.	9:15 a. m.	9:15 a. m.
Chesaning, Leave.	9:30 a. m.	9:30 a. m.	9:30 a. m.
St. Charles, Leave.	9:45 a. m.	9:45 a. m.	9:45 a. m.
Paines, Leave.	10:00 a. m.	10:00 a. m.	10:00 a. m.
Saginaw City, Leave.	10:15 a. m.	10:15 a. m.	10:15 a. m.
North Saginaw, Leave.	10:30 a. m.	10:30 a. m.	10:30 a. m.
P. & P. M. Crossing, Leave.	10:45 a. m.	10:45 a. m.	10:45 a. m.
Zilwaukee, Leave.	11:00 a. m.	11:00 a. m.	11:00 a. m.
West Bay City, Leave.	11:15 a. m.	11:15 a. m.	11:15 a. m.
Bay City, Arrive.	11:30 a. m.	11:30 a. m.	11:30 a. m.

STATIONS. Mail. Exp. Freight.
Bay City, Leave. 9:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m. 9:00 a. m.
West Bay City, Leave. 9:15 a. m. 9:15 a. m. 9:15 a. m.
Zilwaukee, Leave. 9:30 a. m. 9:30 a. m. 9:30 a. m.
P. & P. M. Crossing, Leave. 9:45 a. m. 9:45 a. m. 9:45 a. m.
North Saginaw, Leave. 10:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m. 10:00 a. m.
Saginaw City, Leave. 10:15 a. m. 10:15 a. m. 10:15 a. m.
Paines, Leave. 10:30 a. m. 10:30 a. m. 10:30 a. m.
St. Charles, Leave. 10:45 a. m. 10:45 a. m. 10:45 a. m.
Chesaning, Leave. 11:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m. 11:00 a. m.
Owosso, Leave. 11:15 a. m. 11:15 a. m. 11:15 a. m.
D. & M. Crossing, Leave. 11:30 a. m. 11:30 a. m. 11:30 a. m.
North Lansing, Leave. 11:45 a. m. 11:45 a. m. 11:45 a. m.
Lansing, Leave. 12:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m. 12:00 p. m.
Holt, Leave. 12:15 p. m. 12:15 p. m. 12:15 p. m.
Mason, Leave. 12:30 p. m. 12:30 p. m. 12:30 p. m.
Rives Junction, Leave. 12:45 p. m. 12:45 p. m. 12:45 p. m.
Jackson, Leave. 1:00 p. m. 1:00 p. m. 1:00 p. m.
Chicago, Arrive. 1:15 p. m. 1:15 p. m. 1:15 p. m.

All trains on Saginaw Division daily except Sundays. Connecting trains leave Chicago 9 a. m. daily except Saturdays, and 9 p. m. daily except Saturdays. Wagner Sleeping Cars on night trains.

MACKINAW DIVISION.
NORTHWARD.

Jackson	11:45 a.m.	10:45 a.m.
Chicago, Arrive	7:40 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
All trains on Saginaw Division daily except Sundays. Connecting trains leave Chicago 9 a.m. daily except Sundays, and 9 p.m. daily except Saturdays. Wagner Sleeping Cars on night trains.		

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

CHRISTMAS IN OLD TIMES.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the 'quire and lord;
Then was brought in the lustrous brown,
By old blue-coated serving-men;
Then the grim host's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary;
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell
How, when and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The vessel round in good brown bowls,
Garlanded with ribbons, blithely bowed,
There the luscious roast, hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie,
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
Such high tide, her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in;
And carols roared with blitheous din;
It was a merry night and merriment,
It was a hearty note and rosemint;
Who lists may try their mummery see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts suppli'd the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visions made;
But, hush! what maskers, richly light,
Can boast of bonnets half so light?
Brimmed was every Englishman's hat,
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas brooches the mightiest tale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol all would cheer,
The poor man's heart through half the year.

ROSE BELL'S CHRISTMAS.

Dainty lace hangings, rivaling the
frostwork that would be on the window
by morning, framed in the fair face of a
girl, who stood tapping drowsily on the
window-pane and looking at the storm
and the people hurrying by outside.
Her face was clouded and her gray-
eyes had grown a shade darker with
trouble.

There was snow everywhere—under
foot, overhead and all around, hurrying
and scurrying into people's faces and
lodging in the folds of every garment.
The traditional old woman must have
been plucking an extra quantity of
geese—for the feathery flakes were fly-
ing hither and thither, hiding all the
ngliness of the street under their dainty
coverings; making beds of down of the
freshly-raked piles of dirt still on the
street; spreading a snowy sheet over
sidewalk and giving ermine-like edges
to door-frames and window-ledge; pat-
tering softly against the glass in the
prettiest and most provoking way to
the girl looking through them. It was
a sudden storm, stealing swiftly at the
heels of Indian-summer-like weather,
that had made every one quote the old
saw: "A green Christmas makes a full
graveyard," and no one was ready for
it. With thoughts miles away, the girl
stood looking sadly and drowsily on,
noting everything, from the old woman
bending under a load of wood on her
back, which she had literally fished out
of the lake, and which caused the girl,
enshrined amid comfort and plenty,
to shiver and whisper, "God pity the
poor this wretched night!"

The poor old creature with the burden
on her weary back, and a bur-
den in heart that would never in
this life grow brighter, passed out of
sight. A portly, warmly-clad business-
man briskly followed, wrapped in fur
coat and gloves, his heart, perchance,
colder than the shivering form of the
tiny blue-veined child that jostled his
footsteps as it was hurrying through
the blinding snow, vainly drawing the
threadbare shawl closer. Weary-eyed
working women, tired business men,
sleek-looking young America, and
haughty dames, hurried along in the
gathering dusk; milkmen whipped their
horses, glad that the day's work was
over, and snow-covered police left the
city to take care of itself and sought
the warmth of a bar-room fire. Night
closed in, the lamp-lighter was running
about with his ladder and pre-empting
the lights began to gleam like stars in the
darkness. It was growing colder, but
still Rose Bell stood peeping out on the
night. Presently a couple under an
umbrella sauntered slowly along, and
as they passed in the light of the lamp
she saw the tall form of the man with
beard so full of snow that he looked a
veritable Santa Claus bend toward the
girl leaning on his arm, and though the
girl's face was merry, and her answer a
laughing one, Rose knew that they
were lovers, scarce conscious of the
snow or the cold, or of anything but
that they were together, hidden as it
were by the storm, and all the nearer
for it. The sight made Rose draw the
curtains and sigh as she turned away,
shivering, to the fire, throwing herself
down on the rug and burying her face
in her arms.

Out on the lake the storm was fiercer
than on the land, and a cold, cutting
wind was blowing. The cold waters of
the lake heaved dark and merciless, as
a disabled schooner drifted helplessly
about, every now and then the floating
ice grating against her hull and making
the fainting hearts of her crew quake
with fear. Every hour the cold became
more intense, and the ice was getting
closer and thicker near the shore. The
crew were freezing almost in sight of
home. What dreams of warm fire-
sides, of loving, faithful hearts waiting
their coming, must have filled the
hours of the dreary night-watch. What
a night it was to cling to rigging as the
schooner became wedged and half sank
beneath the ice the stifled voices will
never tell.

The next morning the snow had
ceased to fall, and the helpless schooner,
with its crew still clinging to the rig-
ging, could be seen from land. As

soon as possible a sturdy tug was got
under way and went pulling fiercely,
but slowly cutting its way through the
ice. Intense as was the cold, a crowd
soon gathered on the shore, watching
with eager interest. No answering
shout was heard to the cheerful halloo
of the men on the tug. Everything
about the schooner was still and mo-
tionless. The crowd stood awe-struck.
What an age it seemed until the tug
steamed slowly back. Then the crowd
rushed toward it, and as suddenly fell
back, while the awful whisper passed
from one to another, "It's the Merry
Bell, and every one on board stark
dead, frozen to the rigging." The
schooner was only a charnel-house, and
the people had been expending their
sympathy upon creatures who had been
for hours beyond it. Among the crowd
waiting on the shore Rose Bell had
stood closely veiled. There had been
tears and screams from waiting wives
and mothers, but she turned quietly
away, as one in a dream, and walking
blindly, made her way home. She rang
the bell, said nothing to the servant
who opened the door, but passed quick-
ly to her own room, uttering no cry,
shedding no tears, and threw herself
into a chair before the fire. Mrs. Bell
so found her when she came in a few
moments later, and her own shriek for
help failed to rouse her daughter. Un-
consciousness is a blessing oftentimes,
and so it proved now.

With the return of consciousness
came memory. "O mamma, the schooner
was the Merry Bell, and all on board
dead, frozen! He was to come home on
it! Oh, what shall I do?" The blessed
tears came now and caused the shrewd
doctor to nod his head wisely and whisper
to Mrs. Bell, "She'll be all right
now," and quietly make his exit. When
in his buggy he confided to it or his
horse, "Humph! A lover at the bottom
of this; young Culbertson, too, I sup-
pose; he is part owner of the schooner.
Good fellow; sorry if he is gone; mis-
erable way of dying, too; and that pretty
girl! Well, well! Get up there, Doc-
tor! What are you about?" Then, the
good doctor jogged on to another patient
and forgot all about it.

That morning, soon after breakfast,
little Jack Bell, a ubiquitous youngster
that would some day make his fortune
as a reporter for a Chicago daily, ran in
briskly, skates in hand, nose and cheeks
red with cold, and absolutely bulging
with news.

"Say, Sis, schooner out there stuck in
the ice; men sticking to the masts.
Folks say it's the Merry Bell, and, by
George, Sis, I shouldn't wonder if Mr.
Culbertson was one of 'em. Hope he
ain't though, for he promised me a new
sled if I would say nothing about the
day I caught him kissing you."

"Jack!" sternly interposed his mother's
voice.

"Where is it, Jack; quick, tell me?"
said Rose in a voice of trembling anxie-
ty.

"Out there; from behind Dick Mait-
land's house you can see her."

Then she had slipped away to see the
schooner and hear from others what
ground there was for her fears.

All day she moaned and grieved and
would not be comforted, for handsome
Fred Culbertson was her promised hus-
band, and she had given all her heart
into his keeping. When he bade her
good-by a few weeks before he had
called back at the last, "I'll be home for
Christmas!" He was part owner of
"The Merry Bell," and had intended
coming back on this her last trip for the
season.

The cold continued to increase. The
sky wore a dull, leaden look—nature it-
self seemed dead. Rose lay looking
out, and thought of other hearts sad-
dened as hers was; other homes where
the light had gone out and made them
dreary and dark.

Mrs. Bell remained during the night
with her daughter, petting, soothing
and comforting, and, as the sleepless
hours wore away, mother and daughter
grew nearer together than they had
ever been before. Mrs. Bell talked of
the early days of her married life; then
of the day when her husband had left
her bright and well in the morning, and
at evening had been brought to her still
and dead. Rose realized, as she had
never done before, what her mother had
suffered. "Poor mamma, how sad and
lonely you have been," she murmured
as she dropped into a tired sleep.

The next day was Thursday, the day
before Christmas. Rose opened her
eyes to find the maid setting her break-
fast on a table at her bedside.

"Look, look, Miss Rose; see on the
window! Sure it's the cars intirely!
Sure it's the witches, it is, and Miss
Rose, dear, sure it's good luck it'll
bring—Mr. Culbertson—'ll-beom-yet, or
we'll know it!"

Brightening at the girl's words, and
forgetting to be offended at the freely-
expressed opinion, Rose jumped up to
see the wonder of frost work. "Sure
enough, it's a veritable train, locomotive
and all. How strange!"

"I don't know what kind that is, Miss
Rose, but it's cars, it is."

"Get my wrapper, Ann, and bring
my breakfast to the fire. I'll get up,"
said Rose, cheered, she scarcely knew
why.

"Will your ma have the tree, Miss
Rose? It's the children; is on their
heads about it."

"I forgot it," answered Rose, her
face clouding. "Ask mamma to come
up as soon as she is through her break-
fast."

"It's been over this hour. I'll go tell
her; and shall I bring up some more
coffee?"

"No; ju t tell mamma."

"And here she is herself," answered
Ann, as she opened the door and Mrs.
Bell came in.

"Up, Rose?"

"Yes, and oh, mamma, look at the
window; Ann says it is good luck."

"I hope it is, I am sure; it is certainly
a strange freak of Jack Frost."

"I have a telegram from Mr. Culbert-
son, Rose. He got off at Milwaukee,
and is well and safe."

Then a hearty cry came to wash away
the last remnants of pent-up sorrow,
and Rose was soon bright and happy
and busy, talking of the evening and
the promised tree. So surrounded by
love and happiness that she forgot the
homes which death had darkened, or
where grim wait stared at the empty
hearth, where Christmas was the sad-
dest day of all the year; forgot every-
thing but happiness.

Christmas Eve, a gay party of chil-
dren and older people almost as bright
as the children were gathered in Mrs.
Bell's front parlor. Presently the gas
was lowered and the sliding-doors drawn
back, displaying a scene of fairy-like
beauty. At the farther end of the room
was a tree lit with tapers and laden
with things of beauty, and in the back-
ground of greens and flowers were scat-
tered the things too large for the tree,
among them Jack's sled. How the
children screamed when old Santa with
snowy beard and hair-cropt from out
the green plants about the chimney,
muttering in a low voice, "From Ger-
many I come; as I walk I jingle, jingle,
and the boys call me old Kris Kringle."
Pretty mottoes or messages of love were
with all the gifts that old Kris scattered
among the happy group.

A brooch, with its diamonds shining
like Rose Bell's eyes, were one of the
many gifts the gods showered on the
tiny maid.

Later on, when the tree was stripped
of its gifts, the young scion of the house,
little Tom Bell, whispered in sepulchral
tones to his mother:

"I say, ma; Santa Claus is in there
and he's got his arm around sister Rose,
and he's kissed her. Will he take her up
the chimney with him?"

"I reckon not," laughed Mrs. Bell;
"come into the other room and show me
your toys."

And Santa whispered: "I came back
for Christmas, Rose, darling. Were
you frightened?"

STRAW LUMBER.

A description of this new competitor
for favor lately appeared in the *American
Architect*, and also its method of
manufacture, which shows unmistakably
that straw lumber is admirably
adapted to many kinds of finishing
work, barrels, table and counter tops,
doors and ornamental work, and that it
can be produced at less than half the
price of walnut. The standard manu-
facture is in widths of thirty-two inches,
a length of twelve feet and a thickness
corresponding to that of surface boards.
These dimensions may be varied to suit
such orders as may be given, and em-
brace any width, length or thickness.
It may be finished with varnish or with
paint, and is susceptible to a high pol-
ish. It is practically fire and water
proof, being manufactured under 500
degrees of heat, and we are assured has
been boiled for some hours without ap-
parent changes of structure. Its tensile
strength is greater than that of walnut
or oak, and its weight about one-fifth
greater than the former when dry. It is
made from any kind of straw, includ-
ing hemp and flax fiber—in fact from
any material that will make pulp—and
a ton of straw will produce 1,000 feet of
boards. The pulp is rolled into thin
sheets, a number of which, correspond-
ing with the thickness of the lumber
desired, are placed together with a pecu-
liar cement, which is claimed to be
water proof, and are then rolled under
a pressure sufficient to amalgamate
them into a solid mass, which may be
worked with the plane if desired.

When it is remembered that it takes
fifty years to grow a tree to maturity,
and a tree producing thirty-two-inch lum-
ber will require twice that time—while 20,
000 feet per acre is a large yield—this
method, the most favorable circumstances,
it will at once be realized that where
3,000 feet can be taken from an acre of
ground for an indefinite number of
years, the process which enables such a
result to be accomplished, and which
will yield a really valuable lumber, is
one of vast importance.

WENT IN FREIGHT.

A little ingenuity will help a person
along almost anywhere.

A drummer one day got through his
business in a town in Vermont early in
the morning, and a train would not
leave for the next place till evening.
He learned, however, that a local
freight would be along in about an
hour, but would not stop, as there was
no freight for it.

Our enterprising drummer borrowed
a soap-box at the hotel, and, carefully
wrapping up a few paving-stones,
placed them in the box and directed it
to the hotel in the next town.

When the freight train came along,
the drummer helped his "mineral spec-
imens" aboard, skipped in himself and
cheerfully paid the 25 cents for convey-
ance of 500 pounds.

That young man's readiness of re-
source might make him a military com-
mander—or a "boss" politician. But
we would be a little suspicious of a
man so smart as that. —*Youth's Com-
panion.*

THE HOME OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

Does anybody know what has become
of the jolly old-fashioned times that
used to belong to our lives? They are
missing and we cannot find them. The
days when the mention of Thanksgiving
meant joy and gladness, and reunion
and merry feasting, when all the mem-
bers of the family assembled around the
pleasant board, and the great fire
burned cheerfully in the fireplace.
How the brightly polished brass andirons
caught the ruddy reflections of the
fire, and danced around like gold
fairies.

Does anybody remember such a
fireplace? The hearth was of freshly
painted red brick, and the mantel was
high beyond the reach of the children.
The brass candlesticks were turned up
in a row, and the almanac hung at one
end. The shovel and tongs had their
separate corners, and there was a crane
in the back of the fireplace, where the
tong used sometimes to sing like a
nightingale. Where are they gone?

There was a pantry, too (have you
seen it?), with a small of cheese, and
mince pie doughnuts, and a tempting
display of jays tied up with white
cloths. There was always one not so
tightly tied as the rest, and naughty
hands would reach after the peach pre-
serves sometimes. Anybody know
where all those pantries have gone?

There were two old rocking-chairs, with
cushions pieced up from scraps of
dresses. The paint was worn from the
arms, and they tipped over if you
rocked too far back, but we wish they
could be found.

There was a kitchen, too. It went
away with all the rest. A sweet kitch-
en where there was always a smell of
good dinners, a spicy and aromatic odor
of garden herbs. No tea or coffee has
ever been found since with a such a de-
licious aroma. There are thousands of
great residences with every modern ap-
pliance for comfort, where they have
state dinners with no end of pomp and
show and style; where the china is
costly and the epergnes are out of glass
and silver, and the wines are costly.

They are splendid, but somehow, to-
day, we want the old lost home. There
are echoes which come down from its
smoky rafters, and they fall upon the
heart with a mingled feeling of pleasure
and pain. There are voices, and foot-
steps and laughter, and songs, and the
pat of a baby feet all mingled in the
echoes. Sounds that we shall never
hear again save in the mystic hall of
memory. Reader, you know of such a
house, and you can tell why the men-
tion of holiday brings a nameless long-
ing to look once more into the old em-
pty rooms once so thronging with life.—
Cincinnati Saturday Night.

ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

It has been objected to those who
speak of the "emotions" of an ant or a
bee, for example, that we are not
justified in applying terms derived from
human psychology to animals so remote
in structure from the human type. Dr.
Bourne applies to this objection by
showing that the ground of all infer-
ences as to the mental processes of ani-
mals is an argument from the analogy
of their actions with our own. "Now,
it is of course perfectly true that the
less the resemblance the less is the
value of any analogy built upon the re-
semblance, and therefore that the in-
ference of an ant or bee feeling sympathy
or rage is not so valid as the similar
inference in the case of a dog or monkey.
Still it is an inference, and, so far as it
goes, a valid one—being, in fact, the
only inference available. That is to
say, if we observe an ant or a bee ap-
parently exhibiting sympathy or rage,
we must either conclude that some
psychological state resembling that of
sympathy or rage is present, or else re-
fuse to think about the subject at all;
from the observable facts there is no
other inference open."

Assuming that we are justified in con-
cluding that the mental processes are
similar when there are similar external
appearances, we still need a criterion
of mental as distinguished from reflex
action; for we find both in men and
animals examples of actions "mind-
like and not yet truly mental." "Ob-
jectively considered, the only distinc-
tion between adaptive movements due
to mental perception consists in the
former depending on inherited mecha-
nisms within the nervous system being
so constructed as to effect particular
adaptive movements in response to par-
ticular stimulations, while the latter are
independent of any such inherited ad-
justments of special circumstances." The
criterion proposed is therefore—
"Does the organism learn to make new
adjustments, or to modify old ones, in
accordance with the results of its own
individual experience?" If it does, we
have evidence that the limit of non-
mental action has been passed; that is,
we are able to fix, by means of this cri-
terion, "the upper limit of non-mental
action." After distinguishing reflex
from mental action, it remains to dis-
tinguish "instinct" from "reason." Dr.
Romanes proposes to define instinct as
"reflex action into which there is im-
ported the element of consciousness,"
and "reason or intelligence" as "the
faculty which is concerned in the inten-
tional adaptation of means to ends."—
London Nature.

HOPE DEFERRED, OR BERYN AL- TERNATIVE.

"There is no Wednesday matinee."

Godfrey Freelinghuysen stood silently
by a statuette of Diana as he uttered
these words in the cold, cynical way
that had come to him through a long
line of plumbers, and when they reached
Beryl McCloskey's ear the happy, con-
tent, busy, next-week look faded
away from the pure young face, and

into the great brown eyes there came a
mist of tears. "Are you sure of this?"
she asked, kicking over the piano stool
and rising to go. "Perfectly certain,"
he replied. "Then," whispers the girl,
taking a caramel from a box, "I shall
have to wait until Saturday." —*Chicago
Tribune.*

SAGACITY OF DOGS.

The owner of a number of rabbits
near Barnier, in Germany, found that
for six successive nights one of his rab-
bits was stolen from the house which
he had made for them out of a wooden
case which stood a few inches above the
ground. At the top of it an opening
had been made about the width of two
hands, which was closed at night by a
board on which heavy stones were laid.
The house having thus been secured,
and as it was found each morning that
only one rabbit had been stolen, and that
all the rest were unharmed, it was con-
sidered impossible for a weasel to have
effected the theft. It was, there-
fore, supposed that human hands had
been at work. The owner consequently
first made the opening more secure by
nailing down one side of the board and
covering it with grass and stones, and
then hid himself in order to watch for
the thief. At 1 o'clock in the morning,
he heard a noise at the rabbit-house,
and was not a little astonished to see
two dogs instead of a man on top of it.
One was a large dog of the neighborhood,
well known to him, a cross between a
St. Bernard and a large woolly collie,
feared by all other dogs; the second

was a stranger, a small terrier, just
sleender enough to get through the hole
into the rabbit-house. The big dog,
who on other occasions never met the
smaller comrade, had evidently
come to an understanding with his little
friend about the nocturnal rendezvous.
The big dog scratched away all the
grass and stones, dragged up the board
and let the terrier jump through the
hole. The latter returned in a few min-
utes with a rabbit in his mouth, which
he presented to his great friend, and both
proceeded to devour their supper undis-
turbed. —*Land and Water.*

THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

Editor Waterson, in the Louisville
Courier-Journal, speaks as follows
about conducting a newspaper: "Some
people estimate the ability of a period-
ical and the talent of its editor by the
quantity of its original matter. It is
comparatively an easy task for a frothy
writer to string out a column of words
on any and all subjects. His ideas may
flow in one week, washy, everlasting
fool; and the command of his lan-
guage may enable him to string them
together like bunches of onions, and
yet his paper may be but a meager and
poor concern. Indeed, the mere writ-
ing part of editing a paper is but a
small portion of the work. The care,
the time employed in selecting, is far
more important, and the fact of a good
editor is better shown by his selection
than anything else; and that, we know,
is half the battle. But, as we have
said, an editor ought to be established,
his labor understood and appreciated
by the general conduct of his paper—
its tone, its uniform, consistent con-
sistency, its dignity and its propi-
ety. To preserve these as they
should be preserved is fully enough to
occupy the time and attention of any
man. If to this be added the general
supervision of the details of publica-
tion which most editors have to en-
counter, the wonder is how they get
time to write all."

SOME OF JULIUS CAESAR'S FORTS.

About 100 years ago some forts were
discovered which were supposed to be
similar to those described by Ctesar.
These were found in Scotland, but were
similar to others which existed also in
France, Thuringia, Bohemia and other
places on the continent. These forts
were constructed both of wood and
stone, the wood being placed crosswise,
forming a circular wall, and then the
stone being thrown upon this, the stone
protecting the wall, and keeping it
from being burned. Recently other
forts have been discovered near Bingen
on the Rhine. The walls of these forts,
as discovered, are vitrified, and a sup-
position is that the enemy, in attacking
the forts, set fire to the wood, burned
the inhabitants and left the walls as a
vitrified mass. The vitrification of the
wall would, of course, preserve it,
and so we have visible ruins of those
very forts which Julius Caesar attacked
and destroyed. —*American Antiquar-
ian.*

TOKENS OF REGARD.

We believe in presents of all sorts—
Christmas boxes, New Year's gifts,
birthday presents, especially for chil-
dren and young people. Make them
rejoice because they were born, and re-
joice with them. It is well for children
not only to receive presents but to make
them. Gifts need not be costly to be
very precious, and if they are chosen
with reference to the tastes or needs of
the recipient, they have a double value.
An excellent present for a child is a
microscope, a cabinet of minerals, a
historical chart, a writing-desk, a tool-
chest, a work-box. Any one of these
gifts will be of lasting utility; some
of them can be so shared with others that
a whole family will be benefited by
them, as the chart, the cabinet, the
microscope. Mineralogical cabinets can
be bought for a small sum, microscopes
are for sale at every price, and are of
great value to young students. —*Ec-
change.*

CONGRESS.

Several petitions were presented in the
Senate, at its session on the 8th inst., asking
action on the tobacco tax and urging the
passage of a bill to increase the pensions of
soldiers who have served in the war of
1812. A bill was passed to establish title
to the site of the military post at El Paso. There
were introduced in the Senate bills relat-
ing to political assessments and on the Bankruptcy
bill. An attempt to strike from the bill pro-
viding for involuntary bankruptcy was defeated,
but Mr. Morgan secured an amendment to in-
clude option trading in stocks, grain, etc., in
cases of bankruptcy. The bill, which was
the internal revenue bill with its pending
amendments, was recommitted to the
Committee on Finance. In the House,
Mr. Burrows reported the census ap-
propriation, which is a bill of \$2,724,124 in con-
templation of the census to be taken in 1890.
Officers and men of the monitor which fought
the Merrimac was defeated. Mr. Blinnham re-
ported a bill to reduce letter postage to 2 cents.

Mr. Pendleton gave notice to the Senate,
at the session of the 9th inst., that after the Bank-
ruptcy bill was disposed of, he would move to
take up the Civil Service bill. Vance re-
ported the passage of a resolution directing the
Secretary of the Treasury to furnish a detailed
statement of the cost of collecting internal re-
venue. Mr. Burrows reported a bill to prevent
officers of the United States from accepting
collecting subscriptions or assessments from
any person. Mr. Burrows reported a bill
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Mr. Slater introduced a bill in the Senate,
on the 11th inst., to forfeit the unearned
lands of the Oregon Central road. Mr. Ferry
presented a measure to increase the pension
of soldiers and sailors who lost an arm or
leg in the war of 1812. Mr. Burrows re-
ported a resolution of inquiry whether the railroad
being constructed across the Nebraska military
reservation without authority from Congress
should be subject to the same laws as railroads
generally. Mr. Burrows reported a bill
to amend the act relating to the collection of
duties on goods imported from foreign countries.
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Whole, in considering the Postoffice Approp-
riation bill. After adjournment the Demo-
cratic Senators held a caucus, and resolved
to oppose the admission to the Union of any
new Territory at the present session of Con-
gress.

A GREAT FIRE.

The Business Quarter of the City
of Kingston, Jamaica,
Destroyed.

A Loss of Thirty Million Dollars Said
to Have Been Inflicted.

[London Telegram.] [Chicago Daily News.]
Advices were received from Kingston, Ja-
maica, announcing that a terrible fire de-
stroyed the entire business portion of the
city. The aggregate loss is estimated at not
less than \$30,000,000. The origin of the fire
is not known. The flames gained such
headway that the efforts of the firemen to
subdue them were without avail, and the
fire only stopped when there was nothing
more to burn. The business district, which
contains many dwellings were destroyed, and
hundreds are homeless. All the wharves, ware-
houses, stores and banks burned, and all the
property on the wharves and in the stores de-
stroyed. In consequence, food and supplies are badly
needed by the people who will soon be in
most destitute circumstances unless relief
is sent to them quickly.

Immediately after the fire a local Relief
Association was organized, with W. K. Ashby
as Secretary. He has sent out telegrams to
this country and America appealing for aid.
Among the buildings swept away by the
flames are the large Victoria market and the
public landing place at the foot of King
street; the Court House in Harbor street,
which was a handsome building; the public
hospital; the law library; the Chancery Regis-
trary; the office of the Registrar of the
land, and the public library and museum, all in East
street. There were but two banks in the
city, and both are destroyed. The Central
Bank and the Government Savings Bank.

